Murder Family

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Murder Family

by Hannigrammatic

Summary

Happiness comes to those who murder.

Notes

Picks up immediately where Murder Issues left off ♥

All mistakes are mine~

Acceptance

Chapter Summary

Will has a lot to think about.

When Will slept that night he dreamt about the monster with leathery onyx skin and white, sightless eyes.

In it, he reclaimed his still-beating heart from its gorey perch atop bloodied antler prongs, and instead of forcing the organ back into the hole in his chest, they dined on the raw stringy flesh together. The little girl applauded from the piano bench while the dancers consumed each other lovingly, and he awoke with a start with that image morbidly fresh in his thoughts. Abigail snored gently from her side of the bed, unperturbed by his violent jolt into wakefulness. The clock read six-twenty-four AM, and he stumbled as quietly as he could out of the room to get showered and dressed for the day, casting one tired glance at the little girl resting peacefully there.

Could she still be called a little girl if she was a murderer?

Will tampered down the pain in his heart as he reluctantly considered Hannibal's words. *"You and I are not the only ones capable of murder, Will."* They possessed the quality of a dream (nightmare), but he knew with every bone in his body that they were real, that his lover spoken the truth that night. Many truths, if he were honest with himself. What he intended to do with that knowledge, though, remained a mystery. For now he focused on waking up and getting Abigail to school, going to work, and then coming home to chill with her and make dinner.

She slept in her own bed the next night, and he lay in his awake long into the early hours of the morning with a buzzing anticipation of what could or should or would come. Three weeks crawled by and it was only then that Will realized the anticipation wasn't that at all. He fucking missed Hannibal Lecter, that's what that marrow-deep feeling of exhaustion coupled with extreme jitteriness told him. He yearned to sink into the serial killer's arms and never leave them again. So he beat the emotion down into a muted vibration that he nevertheless always felt and that became easier to deal with as he focused on his daughter instead. They'd talked very briefly about Elise, a few words that still haunted him.

"Mister Lecter told me about Elise," Will confessed quietly over dinner, forcing himself to look at her face and not look away when wide blue eyes blinked up at him, and only then did he continue. "Did you kill her?"

The resounding echo of her softly uttered *Yes, dad* fell on every single one of his senses, ears ringing, tongue dry, eyes blinking back threatening tears and hands clenching so tightly

together that his blunt fingernails bit into the flesh of his palms. He swallowed it all back and nodded his head, confirmation registered if not accepted, and he found he could still smile at her and mean it as they returned to eating. It wasn't that he blamed her for any of it; he blamed himself for setting a precedent that murder solved everything. Most children picked up a less catastrophic bad habit from relatives, yet here he was raising a child into her teen years and she had killed someone as if it were a natural reaction.

Someone that she perceived to be a threat to *him*.

That knowledge gave him pause very often. However much he wanted to judge himself or her or Hannibal, there was the very real fact that Abigail had done what she thought was right, for his happiness and peace of mind so that she could retain her own. It was insane to consider alongside the very real taboo of *murder*, but what right did he have to potentially punish her for a deed he could handle with an unflinching grin and a deadly flick of a blade? Nevermind that he murdered with a singularly wicked intent for the exact same purpose as her. The worst part wasn't even that Abigail was capable of murder -or that she knew the truth of him.

Will hated being lied to in any capacity; that was the straw that broke the beast's back.

He forgave Abigail for it immediately. Hannibal he did not. He was not sure if he ever would, and after the shock of learning the truths and secrets he'd pushed and prodded for, it was Hannibal that he punished along with himself. For three weeks he ate his own brand of poison, closing off from the older man and from any consequential thoughts. The physical symptoms he drowned with over the counter sleep aids that knocked him the fuck out and left him too groggy to consider anything beyond what was required of him at work. When that suffered as a result, he eased off the pills and put up with the pain that lanced through his heart everytime the phone rang in the kitchen.

"Dad, it's for you," Abigail peeked into his room one night.

"Who is it?" Will asked, already knowing the answer.

"Mister Lecter," she answered primly. "He says he'd love to talk to you."

"Alright, sweetheart, thank you."

"You're welcome, dad," she smiled brightly and bounded away back to her room.

Will hung the phone up without putting the headpiece to his ear. He did it with finality, and he knew that Hannibal was expecting it. It was the twelfth time he'd called, once daily at the same time except for on weekends. This continued for the remainder of the week and into the next, and on the second day after the three week mark, two consecutive knocks sounded from the kitchen. Abigail slept soundly in the living room, having fallen asleep during one of his favorite movies -*Homeward Bound: The Incredible Journey*-, and despite knowing in his heart who he would find on the other side of the door, Will opened it anyway.

"Good evening, Mister Lecter," he greeted politely.

“Good evening, Will,” he was dressed exceptionally well as always, his three-piece suit a black and gray checkered ordeal with a vibrant red and white paisley tie to match the pristine shirt beneath, black overcoat hemmed at mid-thigh and looking impossibly comfortable and warm.

“What can I do for you?” as he spoke Will stepped outside in his socked feet and closed the door behind him.

“You’ve been ignoring my calls,” Hannibal said matter-of-factly.

“Yeah,” Will deadpanned.

A beat of silence as blue and maroon eyes met. The expression on Hannibal’s handsome and angular face was blank except for the tiniest tick at the corner of one eye. Will let his gaze drag over silver brown hair and felt the familiar urge to add chaos to the gelled perfection, heart swelling full as he rediscovered sharp cheekbones and bowed lips and the deceptively gentle slope of a clean shaven jawline. Hannibal’s aftershave was rich and earthy and Will wanted to bury his nose into the other’s neck and inhale deeply of a scent he associated with comfort and strong embracing arms.

“Then perhaps you can forgive me for turning up uninvited,” Hannibal said after a moment, head inclining as his eyes darted over Will’s form, and then he continued with an observant tone; “You look exhausted.”

“No shit,” Will hissed.

He hadn’t meant to. But Hannibal was correct. His nights were endlessly restless, and when he did sink into sleep he merely jolted awake an hour or so later, until he gave up and tossed and turned and tangled his body in the blankets and hoped that they choked him. And his brief stint with sleeping aids had taught him how easy he could become dependent, so he avoided them entirely with the hope that everything would even out as time passed. All in all, Will Graham was essentially a thousand percent more scruffy than normal, carefully trimmed facial hair steadily thickening and hair defying gravity in angles he’d never known existed. He also had eyebags for *days*.

“I do not appreciate that tone,” Hannibal’s eyes narrowed and his lips thinned. “I understand that you are mad at me, Will. That is no excuse to act childish.”

“I’m pretty certain it’s plenty excuse to act childish,” Will snapped. “Who are you, anyway? Showing up at my home and getting pissy at me when you’re the asshole that fucked everything up to begin with.”

“I beg your pardon?” a deadly undertone to that accented voice gave Will pause; it was short-lived though, as indignation and exhaustion and too many other unknown emotions clawed at each other for dominance.

“Go away,” Will growled. “I’m too tired for this shit. Stop calling me, don’t show up here again. Just go away.”

“You miss me,” Hannibal insisted as if he hadn’t heard a word from Will’s mouth. “I can see it in your eyes. Could see it when you opened the door to find me here just as you’ve wished you would every night we were apart.”

“You don’t know the half of what I’m feeling right now,” Will’s chest expanded with too much energy, and he breathed quickly and shallowly as he fought to control the rage that wanted to rip into the man standing in front of him.

“Don’t I?” Hannibal asked. “Or are you the only one capable of missing an absent loved one?”

Exhaling hard, Will reached for the doorknob so that he could escape back into his house. His fingers barely managed to twitch when Hannibal shoved him up against the entrance to his own home -again, this time under less pleasant circumstances. Strong hands proceeded to grasp the collar of the younger man’s threadbare flannel shirt to pull Will onto his tiptoes while a wide body pressed flush along his own. Hannibal breathed into his ear hotly and said nothing for many long minutes.

“My dear Will,” Hannibal whispered softly.

“Let me go,” Will demanded with a voice pitched several octaves higher.

“No,” were the words purred into his neck as lips fluttered atop his pulse.

Will felt his entire body draw taut with tension and discomfort as his heart beat a staccato rhythm. His head hit the hard surface behind him with a none-too-gentle thump and he unconsciously bared his throat for the questing lips and tongue, toes numb while he continued to stand on the very tips of his socked feet. One hand withdrew from its grip on his collar to spread over Will’s chest.

“Your heart sings for me,” Hannibal murmured.

“Let me go,” Will didn’t know who he was trying to convince anymore.

“You don’t want that,” damp lips sucked against Will’s bobbing adam’s apple.

Fuck, I really don’t. Will opened his mouth to let out a breath held in too long. Sagging into his lover’s grasp, his rage bled out of every pore of his body like a steam engine expelling exhaust. He drew the man ever closer with his fingers tangling in the fleece fabric of Hannibal's overcoat.

“I missed you so much,” Will said breathily. “I tried not to. I tried so hard.”

“You punish us both,” Hannibal remarked. “How very selfish.”

Will opened his mouth to respond and was promptly cut off. Hannibal chose that moment to hook his strong hands behind quivering knees and to lift, seemingly effortlessly, until Will found his body riding further up the door as he wrapped his legs tightly around a trim waist. Any remaining air was punched out of his lungs when Hannibal thrust his weight into him, pinning him almost harshly in place with a grunt shared between them.

“Hannibal,” Will started, tried to lasso himself back into some semblance of order, and failed when Hannibal’s nose nuzzled into the crook of his neck to inhale deeply of him.

“My dear Will,” the endearment sounded like a composition labored upon for centuries with love and affection. “My dear, dear Will.”

“Fuck, I love you,” the words burst out of him.

“And I love you.”

That could be enough for now, Will decided.

❀

Hannibal lowered Will into the center of his bed and stepped back to strip out of his coat. His eyes gazed down into blue ones as he let the garment fall uncaringly onto the hardwood floor, and the little apartment was silent when Hannibal stalked up his lover’s body like a great feline to pin the slimmer man beneath him. Their lips met in a harsh kiss, sloppy and wet and loud as tongues danced around and into mouths to trace along teeth. Back arching as a large hand came to rest on his hip, Will breathed out a moan and fumbled with brass buttons to undress Hannibal as much as he could. He succeeded in removing the suit jacket and the waistcoat beneath before they rolled together in his blankets with soft moans and contented rumbling growls.

They didn’t make love, the walls between Will’s and his daughter’s rooms far too thin, but Hannibal did stay the night. The two lovers fell asleep holding each other so close that air could barely fit betwixt their sweating bodies.
Will’s slept dreamlessly until dawn peeked in through the window.

Repentance

Chapter Summary

Hannibal gets a little greedy. Will can't stop blushing.

Chapter Notes

Blatant fluff.

Some naughty stuff this chapter :D

All mistakes are mine~

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Hannibal awoke first the next morning. His internal clock didn't require him to be used to his surroundings, however *miniscule* they were. The gentle weight upon his chest made the mildly claustrophobic feeling fade away sufficiently, and he looked down at the messy curls tickling under his chin. Will's sleep went uninterrupted through the night -Hannibal had remained awake far into the morning to watch the younger man's face relax into near innocence, and it wasn't hard to miss the fact that his presence seemed to sooth his fledgling. If Hannibal could pinpoint the exact second he decided that he never wanted to see this man gone from his life, it would be now, morning light struggling through heavy and ugly curtains and scratchy low count sheets irritating his kin.

A quiet creaking sound from outside the bedroom door caught his attention just then. He assumed Abigail must be awake, and he wondered how Will would handle this. Barely a second later a *loud* trilling destroyed the peaceful morning, but by the time Hannibal managed to smack the alarm responsible for the rude awakening to return to holding his lover, Will began to flail as he attempted to get out of bed. That became difficult very quick when he became aware of the strong grip around his shoulders, so instead Will ended up gazing at Hannibal's sleep-mussed hair and relaxed features, blue eyes wide with confusion.

"Hi," Will whispered uncertainly, and then he cringed and tried to pull away again.

"Good morning, Will," Hannibal tightened his arms around the other with a small smile. "You may rest a few more moments. I can drive you to work."

"No, no, I know, I just," one slender hand came up to cover Will's mouth. "Morning breath."

“Nonsense,” to demonstrate, Hannibal relinquished his hold with one hand to bat Will’s away from his mouth, following the movement to bury his fingers into curly hair while he drew their faces close for a chaste morning kiss.

“Mmmmn, okay, that’s nice,” Will returned Hannibal’s smile as their lips parted, and they were silent for several minutes that each spent gazing at the other.

“Dad, who are you talking to?” Abigail’s voice interrupted suddenly.

It might as well have been louder than the alarm for the way Will jolted and tore away from Hannibal, who grunted as he regrettably lost his grip on warm and smooth flesh. He watched with amusement as Will struggled into yesterday’s pants and grabbed a t-shirt from a pile of clothes on *top* of the dresser rather than folded and put away into it. Hannibal frowned when he noticed this, and then his eye twitched when he took in Will Graham’s incredibly messy bedroom. His distraction with its owner had prevented him from seeing the true state of chaos. Perfectionism aside, however, he came to terms with the simple fact that it reflected Will’s mind just as much as anything did.

“Coming, Abi, getting dre-”

The door swung inwards before Will could reach it. Abigail blinked up at her father as a smile froze on her face. From there her blue eyes jumped to Hannibal. An eternity must have passed for how tense the air grew. Will’s mind had frozen any explanation cold at his lips, and his mouth opened and closed much like a fish while he fought to make sense of his burgeoning panic.

“Good morning, Abigail,” Hannibal greeted pleasantly.

“Good morning, Mister Lecter. Good morning, dad,” the young woman recovered faster than Will, who noticed quickly that his beloved daughter was fighting the urge to giggle.

“Good morning, Abi,” *oh god, this is seriously how my morning is going to start?*

Twenty minutes later Will, Abigail, and Hannibal sat at the kitchen table for breakfast. Will shovelled his sugary cereal into his mouth while his daughter and lover ate her healthier brand, and he didn’t miss the narrowed maroon eyes focused on his colorful box of Lucky Charms. Sensing her ally, Abigail flicked her fingers at said box of imitation food with an exaggerated expression of disgust.

“Rude,” Will muttered after he’d swallowed his mouthful. He made to do the same to the box of Bran Flakes only to find it rescued by Hannibal’s sure hand. “Wow, seriously? Ganging up on me already?”

Easy smiles painted happy morning faces, each of them at varying stages of wakefulness. Abigail smiled the brightest of them all, though. She looked from one man to the other so often Hannibal worried she may suffer a sprain in her little neck. Both father and daughter were pleased with his presence in the middle, a fact that he could read in both sets of blue eyes. A tightness in his chest loosened at the feeling of being included in this familial morning ritual.

“I shall have to have you both over for breakfast one morning,” Hannibal announced. “No offense to your cereal, dear Will, but I’m rather used to preparing food of a more healthy calibre.”

“Hey, Lucky Charms has vitamins,” Will argued.

“It also has more sugar than I sometimes imagine you weigh,” Hannibal groused.

Will laughed and sat back in his chair. Truthfully neither of their breakfast choices proved to be adequate to Hannibal, who began to plan a full-course meal in his mind as he witnessed the comfortable banter present at the cheap round table. If anyone didn’t feel lucky to be privy to this spectacle, Hannibal didn’t know what else would represent the pressure in his heart when he beheld Will stick his tongue out at Abigail over some good natured slight. They finished breakfast and left the apartment later than usual, a drive provided for them both. First Abigail, who leaned into the window of the Bentley to embrace Will, and who waved at them both before bounding up the stairs into the school. Will’s smile faded when he caught a glimpse of Alana Bloom holding the door open for his daughter.

“I keep forgetting to talk to Mrs Bloom,” Will explained as Hannibal maneuvered the vehicle out of the busy school parking lot. “We make plans to meet up and I always forget.”

“You’ve had a very busy month, Will,” Hannibal kept his eyes on the road as he spoke. “There is no harm done, I imagine.”

“I know, I just- I feel like she *knows*. Not specifically, of course. But she’s a smart woman and she can tell that something is up with Abigail. Or with me.”

“You’re worrying about something that does not require it.”

The chill morning air had nothing to do with the cold Will felt in his stomach. He thought about Elise and about the conversation with Hannibal over three weeks ago, and an echo of the despair he’d experienced jolted through his heart and caused a lump of emotion to grow in his throat. A strong hand came to rest on his thigh just then, long fingers squeezing comfortingly.

“A lot has happened between the three of us,” Hannibal’s accented voice, deep and lilting, calmed Will as much as the warm presence on his leg.

“A lot being an understatement,” Will muttered. He set his own hand over Hannibal’s and sighed. “I’m alarmed that I’m not more upset by all of this. And at you.”

“I meant you no ill will, my love.”

“I want to believe that, Hannibal. I think I could, even, if I knew you better. There’s no doubt that we are connected on a level beyond words like love and relationship or other stupid labels. The fact is, though, we’re just two killers who met while doing what we do -kill. What kind of basis is that for anything?” Will spoke and found that he couldn’t help giving voice to his insecurities and doubts despite wanting to keep the morning’s light mood.

Hannibal didn't answer for a long time. They came to a stop on the side of the street that *Crawford's Treats* sat on, and it was then that Will's words were answered with a searching and hungry kiss bestowed on his lips. He returned it with strengthening resolve, responding to actions more than he would to pretty words that could never properly contain truth or certainty. Hannibal leaned over the compartment that separated them and drew Will close with long fingers tangling into the downy hairs at the nape of his neck, the same hand that had grasped his thigh now holding him in place there. A hot tongue traced along teeth before the younger man moaned and opened his mouth wider to accommodate the questing muscle.

"We've all the time in the world to remedy that," Hannibal whispered with breath hitching slightly as he pulled away. "And we will. All of your doubts will fade, my dear Will."

Hannibal's free hand came to rest on Will's waist gently. One glance at the digital clock in the Bentley showed that fifteen minutes remained before they would have to part for the day. Hannibal considered the man gazing at him with reddened cheeks and pink swollen lips, affectionately amused and curious -always curious. He slipped his fingers beneath the waist of Will's loose slacks, swallowed the sound of shock that followed with another open-mouthed kiss, and cupped his hand between Will's legs. The reflexive tightening of legs that followed made Hannibal smile into the other's mouth.

"*Hannibal*," Will growled and grabbed Hannibal's wrist to haul him away, and he wondered why he was surprised to find that he couldn't.

Will exhaled heavily into the mouth hovering against his own as his lower body grew tight and hot and heavy. One look at Hannibal's grinning face, sharp teeth making a brief appearance, made the blush staining down his neck darken. They hadn't managed to reach this level of intimacy until now, in a car on the street where anyone could look in. True, they'd made out and pressed flush together, which left nothing to the imagination, but this action was so deliberate in comparison -with them it always came back to teasing touches and kisses and heavy breaths that stirred their hair warmly. The hand cupping against him flexed experimentally, separated from flesh by the fabric of his blue boxers.

"What a shame you've got to work today," Hannibal rumbled, smile never leaving his face.

"You're an asshole," Will decided as he arched his body away from the seat and into the large hand, and he shuddered at the firm pressure that he was rewarded with.

Hannibal's hand withdrew as the clock blinked the minutes away. He would so love to continue this, to explore every inch of Will's body, and he knew Will could sense this. His pale skin pinkened so prettily, and an unexpected wave of possessiveness climbed into Hannibal's guts. It wouldn't do to allow Will to leave the Bentley until his quivering body calmed down. *My beautiful beast*.

"I simply couldn't help myself, dear Will. You'll forgive me, yes?" his grin grew when Will frowned petulantly at him.

"You chose not to help yourself," Will groused. "You're the only man I've ever met with total self-control, and if you think I don't know that was entirely intentional, then I'm not sure I can forgive you after all."

He stuck his nose in the air in jest, and laughed when Hannibal pulled away with a long suffering sigh. By the time Will started his shift his chub had thankfully faded, although the blush decided to accompany him well past lunchtime, a fact he waved off five times as him coming down with something when Jack questioned him concernedly. On break he took his usual tiny table and tucked into a blueberry muffin that Bella baked especially for him, the top of which was sprinkled with copious amounts of sugar. It fell apart easily and tasted so amazing that he moaned. He thought about Hannibal for the millionth time and almost choked on the delicious treat when his mind jumped back to that morning in the car.

A voice in his head scolded him for succumbing so easily to the serial killer's charms as usual, and Will shut it away. He couldn't recall the last time he'd been in such a great mood.

❀

"Is Mister Lecter the friend you mentioned before?" Abigail asked that night while they watched TV together.

"Pardon?" Will pulled his eyes away from the screen.

"From your 'warehouse' job," his daughter said with a tone in her voice that indicated *warehouse* could probably be followed with a roll of the eyes.

"Oh," Will gulped and looked over at her. "Yeah. He is."

"I like him," Abigail professed. She bared her teeth in a sly grin at a her father. "I think you like him a *lot*."

Sputtering, Will Graham found himself utterly speechless. Somehow he'd managed to block the image, but now he remembered that morning and what she'd barged in on. At least they weren't naked at the time.

It could always be worse.

Chapter End Notes

Honestly the rest of this is going to be fluff and MAYBE smut. There'll be one shots to follow the series and smut in those of course, but...we'll see if there'll be some in this part or not!

Balance

Chapter Summary

Abigail is an aspiring matchmaker. Will and Hannibal don't mind.

Chapter Notes

♥

Will smashed his alarm into submission and fell out of bed the next morning feeling like garbage. One look out the window showed a layer of frost decorating everything, and he shivered while standing by his bed in only his boxers. Will shut the heavy curtains and struggled into his uniform for his second shift of the week, bypassing the shower and saving it for the evening. They made it out earlier this morning after both father and daughter grumbled about not wanting to eat, and after shoving her lunch in her backpack with a disgruntled expression, Will deemed that he wasn't the only one feeling like a pile of trash. There were no smiles missed between them, though.

An ambush heralded their arrival in the form of one Alana Bloom.

"Good morning, you two," she looked impossibly awake and chipper, reminiscent of Beverly Katz.

"Good morning, Mrs Bloom," Abigail waved her hand slightly and then hid a yawn behind it. "See you later, dad."

She lumbered up the stairs tiredly and disappeared into the building after giving him a quick hug. Will attempted to say goodbye but his mouth resembled a desert. Eventually he managed to make a sound approximating a greeting towards the smartly dressed woman.

"Hi, Mrs Bloom," he tried again.

"Hello, Mister Graham," Alana stuck her hands in the pockets of her warm-looking red jacket and shuffled in place.

"I'm sorry I didn't contact the school," Will mimicked the teacher and shoved his hands into his coat and looked awkwardly at her feet.

“Oh no, we’re all busy, and with it heading into December it’ll only get worse,” she shuddered visibly. “I do my shopping extra early, thankfully. Anyway, I have some good news for you today, so you can stop looking like I’m about to drop a piano on you.”

Will blinked and snapped his gaze to her face, startled. Her bright smile practically glittered at him contagiously, and he couldn’t help his lips pulling up at the corners.

“If you change your mind, I know where to get you one,” Will joked half-heartedly. “The piano, I mean. Uhm. Anyway, I’m glad it’s good news. I’ve got a few minutes before I need to head to work if you want to get out of the cold.”

“Oh I’m fine, unless you want to,” her glittering eyes almost made Will feel like putting actual effort into being nice.

“I’m good,” he directed his gaze back to her shoes.

“Great. So let’s get right to it then. Abigail is doing much better, now. It’s not any of my business what goes on at home, just whatever you’re doing you’re doing it right. She’s more open to talking to her peers and yesterday she was the first to welcome our new student Marissa Schurr.”

“Great,” Will said genuinely -inwardly he felt his guts rumble uncertainly. *If only you knew, Mrs Bloom*, he thought.

Will walked to work after with a new bounce to his step. He didn’t know if Abigail’s improved behavior involved his extracurricular activities or her own, or if the inexorable addition of Hannibal Lecter into their home life had been the catalyst. As he walked, Will acknowledged that not even he knew what caused the change in his daughter.

❀

Hannibal drove to *Lecter’s Legato* in time to pass Will while he walked down the street, the other’s handsome and rugged face pulled into a self-deprecating grin. The younger man didn’t notice the familiar Bentley drive by, and Hannibal himself found himself pleasantly surprised to see his lover. He debated stopping and calling out to him, and instead he brought the car to a crawl briefly to regard the retreating form through his rearview mirror. Will wore the long navy blue coat Hannibal bought for him along with a light scarf trailing behind him raggedly. Ratty sneakers completed what he could see of the ensemble, and Hannibal frowned.

He longed to dress Will in the most expensive and comfortable fabrics or not at all, wanted him on his arm at every social event he could convince the anti-social man to attend so he may show him off. Hannibal wanted to tell the world that Will Graham belonged to him and he would do so in such a way to cause *everyone* to be envious. Even the pretty little teacher Hannibal noticed watching Will walk down the street from Abigail’s school. He clicked his tongue and picked up speed and continued on to work, setting the matter off to the side for now rather than nursing the inordinate amount of jealousy curling in his gut.

❀

Will perused the newspaper at lunch break and read the glaring headline with mild trepidation. When you were dating a serial killer, it became easy to assume every unexplained death could possibly be attributed to them. He wondered how insane he must be, to be sitting here sipping his coffee and casually wondering if the handsome man he shared his bed with had committed murder recently. *Not that I'm much better*, he considered. Will smiled into his cup while he pictured Hannibal and Abigail standing next to him over the body of some unfortunate sod, and quite suddenly, the tension tying his intestines in knots every time he thought about Elise Nichols loosened infinitesimally. Could it be possible to be a family regardless of their collective extreme lack of morals?

A murder family. Will finished his drink and shook his head in amusement.

After his shift he found Hannibal waiting for him outside the door, Bentley parked and gleaming in sight of *Crawford's Treats*. The man himself leaned against the hood of the vehicle, one ankle crossed in front of the other, hands resting in his overcoat pockets. When he noticed Will approaching him his face melted from its sculpted non-expression into one of subtle affection.

"Good afternoon, Will," he veritably purred.

"Hi there," Will smirked and came to a stop in front of the slightly taller man to peer up at him slyly. "What a nice surprise."

"I figured you'd appreciate it," maroon eyes raked up and down his body intently. "Come here."

"I'm already here," Will bared his teeth in a cheshire grin when Hannibal raised a pale brow and reached for him, and he dodged the move swiftly to backstep just out of reach. "Why Mister Lecter, where are your manners?"

"Cheeky little brat, aren't you?" Hannibal casually leaned back on his car, looking away briefly as Will laughed.

It came as no shock when Hannibal snagged the scarf hanging loosely around his neck, though the speed at which he moved still made Will shiver. He stumbled forward with a quiet grunt and Hannibal gently grappled him into a firm embrace. A group of young adults wandered past and shot them curious glances, and Will averted his eyes to Hannibal's chest nervously, mumbling into the soft fabric unintelligibly. He wasn't embarrassed per se, just definitely not used to a man who seemed to disregard the world's existence overall like Hannibal did. The older man spared no glance for judging faces and words whispered conspiratorially behind gloved hands.

"You love it," Will said pertly.

"Of course," Hannibal's voice blew warmly into his ear, and then he pressed an open-mouthed kiss against his lover's neck.

"Mmmn. Hey now," Will moved away from the mildly ticklish and damp sensation and looked up into Hannibal's eyes. "Behave, you."

“I am always well behaved, dear Will,” Hannibal’s sharp teeth glistened briefly in a shark grin.

“Sure thing,” they laughed together before Hannibal opened the passenger door for him.

Once settled and buckled in Hannibal circled the Bentley and took the driver’s seat. Together they picked up Abigail once school let out, and she bounded towards the car with exuberance.

“Hi Abi,” Will turned around and looked at her while she buckled herself into the clean back seat. “How’d school go?”

“Long,” she sighed out and let her head fall back on the soft surface behind her.

“I hope you are prepared for your lessons still,” Hannibal chided humorously, and then inquired: “Would you both be inclined to join me for dinner at my home afterwards?”

“You sure you don’t want to eat mac and cheese with us again?” Will asked with a chuckle. “We can skip the extra cheese this time. Maybe.”

“As much as I would love to, I’m going to have to respectfully decline,” Hannibal stuck his nose into the air in mock-disgust.

“Your loss,” Will laughed louder when the other man side-eyed him with a glare. “But uh, yeah. We’d love to join you. You okay with that, Abi?”

“Yes, please,” Abigail sat forward into her snug seat belt to peer at her family happily. She’d never gone to Hannibal’s house before, and she grew excited as she imagined how big it must be. “Can we spend the night too? Like you do at our place, Mister Lecter?”

An innocent question, surely. Hannibal glanced at her through the rearview mirror and caught the remnants of the mischievous narrowing of intelligent blue eyes. *Oh Will, if only you realized just how cunning she truly is*. He said nothing while Will sputtered his response intelligently.

“Uhm,” Will wondered how to answer without coming off too as too desperate. “If Mister Lecter doesn’t mind, sure.”

“Nothing would make me happier,” Hannibal responded truthfully.

❀

Dinner: pan-fried steak with marsala sauce and baked tomatoes stuffed with a creamy white cheese, served with a light red wine and freshly-squeezed juice for the younger guest.

The three of them sat at Hannibal’s dining table and discussed their piano lesson as they ate. Abigail sipped at her glass as if it were wine and not juice, and Will noted with bemusement that she mimicked Hannibal’s straight-backed posture almost perfectly. A glance into maroon eyes showed him the man in question noticed and practically preened as a result. The food proved to be delicious as always, and Will’s heart swelled with sincere joy at the image of

them all here in the familiar dining room, growing steadily more tightly-knit together. And when Hannibal sat down in the den to help Abigail with her homework Will felt fit to burst with pride and too many emotions to put a name to.

Will figured out something rather important -belatedly of course- once Abigail had gone to bed; Hannibal's master bedroom sprawled several doors away, and *she* had been the one to suggest they spend the night.

"You two are horrible," Will muttered, taking a sip of his second glass of wine. "I can't believe you."

"Dear Will, I have no idea what you are talking about," Hannibal swept up to him in the den after seeing Abigail to bed at his own insistence despite her claiming to be old enough, thank you very much.

"Liar," Will purred and wrapped one arm around Hannibal's waist. "You should probably make it up to me. I can't believe you've somehow turned my own kid into a matchmaker."

"Nonsense, our match has already been made," Hannibal nuzzled at Will's throat and inhaled contentedly. "However this time I am afraid the walls cannot be your alibi."

"Smart ass," blue eyes rolled heavenward.

"You love it," Hannibal's voice lowered dangerously, and Will let out a quiet sigh when powerful arms drew him close.

"Of course."

Their lips brushed feather-soft together, not quite a kiss. Before Will could chase Hannibal's mouth, though, his lover swept him effortlessly up into a bridal carry, uncaring of the undignified squawk it earned him as he proceeded further into the house. The younger man's heart hammered in his chest and tried to climb into his throat as he took in the rich hues of the master bedroom and the comfortable decor. The bed could easily fit ten of him, he imagined, and when Hannibal laid him upon it worshipfully, Will Graham then discovered the difficulties of thinking when long fingers began to divest him of his clothes.

Abigail wouldn't hear a thing.

❀

TattleCrime.org told the story of a body found resting peacefully in the grass under the boughs of a tree outside of the city. The victim lay arranged into a position befitting a casket, chest gaping open and empty of its organs -only the heart remained, and it lay cradled in meticulously cleaned and unscathed hands. Local authorities scrambled to catch the serial killer responsible for leaving yet another morbid gift for them to find.

Freddie Lounds helpfully noted there must be an incredibly unfortunate person out there, to have gained the attention of a monster such as this. She likened the entire thing to a tragic love story.

Deviance

Chapter Summary

The family that murders together stays together -happily!

Chapter Notes

THERE BE SMUT IN THIS CHAPTER! I made the smut less explicit. Just didn't feel like it fit into the story xD.

NOTE: Reposting this with more added onto it!! And there will be another chapter coming instead - an epilogue/Christmas with the Murder Family chapter ♥

That's it folks :D The series is done now but I'll have many one-shots branching off of my 'verse in the future.

Thank you all so so SO much for sticking with me on this journey :D I had a whole lot of fun writing and sharing and chatting with you lovely people. I love every single one of you ♥♥♥

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Will bit back a moan, embarrassed that he may sound too eager.

To say it'd been awhile since he last partook of the finer pleasures in life would be an understatement -his most recent lover came in the form of his hands, and while they have been faithful for many consecutive years, they haven't quite prepared him for the smooth pads of Hannibal's fingertips as they stroked under his shirt, etching invisible patterns into his skin. Moments later, Will mourned the loss of said shirt as it sailed out of sight with a flick of his lover's wrist, not exactly self-conscious so much as genuinely shy to be here, sprawled on the impossibly large soft bed with his head reclined on pillows that felt like clouds.

"You have no reason to be nervous, my love," Hannibal whispered the words into the damp skin of his neck before closing his lips to suckle at Will's pulse point.

"I'm not," Will insisted with a breathy sigh. "It's just-"

"Has it been a long time? Is that why you're responding so readily?" the older man moved back to smile at Will's blushing face.

“Maybe it has more to do with the fact that it’s you touching me,” blue eyes were half-lidded as pink lips parted on another sigh, his voice deepened sensually as he looked up at his lover.

“I would hope so,” Hannibal sat back on his knees and parted Will’s legs, not yet divesting him of his pants and boxers.

He settled himself between his lover’s slightly quivering thighs and held his weight atop Will with one arm. Hannibal considered their situation objectively, noting that neither of them required the physical act when their psychological connection sufficed more than enough. But he wanted this; Hannibal wanted Will in every way he could possibly possess him, and he desired to watch him fall apart under his fingers, shaking and broken in only the most beautiful ways. Will lay beneath him with his boyish features flushed red, dark curls mussed and haloing his head upon the pillowcase, and chest gleaming with the barest sheen of sweat as naked and sparsely haired flesh met the air and the gaze of his lover.

“I would have no other,” Will confessed and looked away briefly to take in the spacious room, blushing profusely.

Rich tones of brown and steel blue highlighted the majority of the bedroom, another fireplace present with plush chairs situated in front of it on either side of an ornate round table. Directly at the foot of the bed sat a backless settee, and above the mantel of the fireplace a mirror reflected the two of them sprawled together. Hannibal’s free hand came to bracket the side of his face, guiding his attention back to the handsome man astride him in time for lips to meet in a slow dance. It wasn’t greedy or hungry or indicative of anything other than exploration, until Will shivered under his lover and shuffled around until he could wrap his legs around Hannibal’s trim waist, raw power twitching in the muscles of his thighs. Will wasn’t a delicate flower of a lover, and Hannibal learned rather quickly that he would take what he wanted instead of waiting.

“Yours too,” Will whispered as he fumbled at Hannibal’s waistcoat.

The suit jacket had been discarded already, and there were far too many layers yet separating them. Will had gained glimpses of Hannibal’s bare chest many times, though as of yet he’d not seen the man entirely naked. He looked forward to changing that tonight and many nights following, however.

“Where are your manners?” Hannibal assisted Will in removing the offending articles of clothing regardless, sparing the other a raised brow and a grin as he did.

“Pretty please with cherries on top,” Will grumbled plaintively and then grew silent as he took in the sight above him -Hannibal was gorgeous, all hard and shifting muscle that his perfectly tailored suits often hid.

“I would rather be on top, thank you.”

The words were whispered dangerously into his ear as Hannibal fit their bodies back together, flush and so close Will could feel their hearts beating in tandem where their chests met. He hissed out a breath when sharp teeth nipped at him, arched his back as Hannibal rolled his hips down against his own, and then the remnant’s of Will’s control shattered.

They'd gone too long with teases and kisses and sly fingers, heated moments with too much dizzying energy packed into too little time. Always the stupid little couch at his place or the doorstep or Hannibal's car and never *ever* convenient. The tension that drew taut between them from the night of Miss Sterling's death, after their proper toast and up until now, snapped with the electric sensation of their pelvises coming to meet in a languid thrust.

"Is this quite alright?" voice deep and his accent stronger, Hannibal sounded sinfully sensual, and his features no longer resembled a statue.

Softened and warmed, the doting and affectionate expression on Hannibal's face plucked at Will's heartstrings. He reached up to wrap both his arms around the man's neck to draw him down into a starved kiss, lips clashing noisily as their tongues slid into each other's mouths to fight for dominance, and their teeth clicked harshly when Hannibal rolled his hips forward almost roughly. The movements were curt and belied the strength coiled in his muscles as he held back, hinting at what was to come at every snap of his hips forward into the twitching body below him. Moans and growls and sighs were devoured by each as their mouths continued to tangle and seek control.

"It's good," Will purred as they pulled away. "But the pants have got to go. Now."

Hannibal's maroon eyes glittered bemusedly as he sat back on his knees again, meeting Will's blue ones as he worked at the button on his suit pants slowly. His teeth bared in a grin when the younger man promptly batted his hands away to do it himself, and he wondered if he should teach his lover about the advantages of savoring a good meal. Perhaps an exception should be made for now, though he was loathe to rush it. Either way, Will stripped them each of their pants and undergarments in record time, cheeky little smirk in place as he climbed to his knees and softly launched himself at Hannibal to tackle him down onto the bed. Taking his place atop the broader man, he nuzzled briefly into thick chest hair and returned to kissing swollen lips.

"Brat," Hannibal murmured.

He made no move to reverse their positions, however. Large hands came to rest along lean sides to knead the smooth skin, trailing to the small of Will's back with fluttering butterfly-gentle pressure before he lewdly grabbed fistfuls of the pert backside awaiting him. Will gasped into the kiss and then purred as he was handled, and he squirmed bodily against the mass of muscles and power beneath him when those fingers began to squeeze and press and tease the supple mounds of his buttocks. Hannibal chose that moment to flip them with a movement so fast Will hardly managed to blink, and he found himself lying on his belly while the other came to rest on top of him again.

"You love it," Will said as he looked over his shoulder to meet narrowed maroon eyes.

"Of course," sharp teeth glinted in the dim lamplight in the room.

Will shut his eyes on a groan when Hannibal's hands returned to grab his rear to spread the cheeks obscenely, only to let go and watch the firm flesh jiggle. He gave up trying to look over his shoulder and buried his face into the pillow again, and his body grew taut when he felt the points of those teeth bite into the meat of his side briefly. When questing lips pressed

a chaste kiss to the most vulnerable part of him Will's moans turned up a pitch. He wasn't certain what he'd been expecting, but he had no complaints. He canted his hips forward into the silken blankets and then back into the hot and moist mouth that would be his undoing.

"Fuck, Hannibal," Will shuddered and fisted his hands into the pillowcase. "*Fuck*."

When Hannibal finally sank into the snug heat of Will's insides, it felt like coming home. He made love to Will slowly and precisely, hit the nerves inside of him on every calculating thrust, and when they came, they did so together.

❀

Will made love to Hannibal in the morning, situated betwixt thick and muscular thighs which trapped him without preamble as the other guided him deep inside. Neither of them lasted long and both were sore when they eventually got out of bed to share a shower in Hannibal's ensuite bathroom. There, the older man had Will again, roughly and without grace, pinning him against the tiled wall and coaxing yet another orgasm from their straining bodies. Will learned in record time that while his lover might not have displayed incredible stamina insofar, he certainly proved his downtime was nearly nonexistent. It all resulted in extreme overstimulation and staggering pleasure, and Hannibal had Will begging and sobbing and cursing his name in a continuous litany by the end of it.

Breakfast was oatmeal with fresh fruit, a quick ordeal but no less healthy, and when father and daughter both were dropped off to school and work respectively, Hannibal returned home to clean the kitchen and the spoiled blankets and sheets in his room. As he worked, he could smell his lover's lingering scent in the air, and he wondered how long it would take him to convince the little family to relocate here.

He also wondered when they would kill again. The bond strengthening between them had its roots in the gruesome act that nevertheless tied them more intimately together than anything else could.

❀

Will Graham stared up at the tiled ceiling that night with his heart racing, and then glanced over at the phone in consideration. As if on cue, a shrill ringing sounded in the quiet room.

"I wanted to call and say goodnight," Hannibal murmured over the phone.

"How adorable," Will said it teasingly and with great affection.

The sound of them breathing on either end of the phone line filled the following lull in conversation not unpleasantly. It wasn't the same as having the man in bed next to him, though, and Will wondered how desperate he would sound if he asked Hannibal to come over and spend the night.

"Ask it," the man in question said, voice interrupting his thoughts.

“I don’t think it would be considered proper etiquette to ask this particular question,” the younger man leaned over the counter as he held the phone to his ear, tapping his fingers on the cool surface.

“To hell with proper etiquette, then,” it was easy to picture the entirely *proper* man flicking his wrist dismissively.

Will laughed and then sighed happily, giving in: “Will you come over?”

“Of course. I will be there shortly, dear Will.”

Shortly turned out to be thirty minutes, longer than the other usually took. And when Will opened the door he figured out why the trip had been extended. Hannibal stood on the narrow porch holding a dozen red roses wrapped in colorful tissue paper and plastic out to him, silver brown hair smoothed back over his head and looking soft as feathers as maroon eyes danced eagerly up and down Will’s frame.

“I’m not even going to ask how you managed to get these at this time of night,” Will accepted the plants and cradled them close, inhaling deeply and briefly before stepping aside to usher Hannibal inside.

“They were purchased several hours ago, actually.”

“So you expected me to call, then?” Will set the roses on the counter and hunted for a suitable container, eventually settling with a pitcher that they normally kept juice in.

“If you didn’t I was going to.”

Warm arms tugged Will close from behind to pull him back into a broad chest. Hannibal nuzzled behind one ear, kissed the sensitive skin there once before he simply enfolded Will in an embrace and breathed with him as they enjoyed the simple intimacy of standing together.

“We’re hopeless already, aren’t we?” Will exhaled and sank into the weight behind him. “Can’t go one night apart. Jeez, I feel like an overly attached puppy.”

“I quite like the idea, frankly,” Hannibal began to rock them side to side gently as his voice trailed off into a hum.

“Me too,” the younger man said contentedly. “I like dogs.”

❀

It took Hannibal three months to convince Will to move him and Abigail into his home. It wasn’t for lack of trying, either. Will simply grew hesitant to introduce any extreme changes where his daughter was concerned. That excuse went out the window when Abigail promptly asked him if they could move in over dinner one evening after lessons, claiming that Hannibal wouldn’t fit here -and that their tiny kitchen would depress him. Hannibal claimed to have no idea what she spoke about when Will saw him next, but the minute twitching at the corner of bowed lips made Will roll his eyes heavenward, and he didn’t even stop when

the other man pinned him to the nearest wall to growl into his ear. He merely chuckled and held his serial killer close.

“Fine,” Will acquiesced after months of none too subtle prodding from his little family, who now would live together under Hannibal’s spacious roof and sturdy, thick walls.

When the first snowfall hit that year they were all bundled warmly in the den sipping homemade hot cocoa and eating sugar cookies that Will had baked -evident by the extreme amount of sugar and not much else. Abigail sat in the middle with a bright smile on her face, happy for her father and for Mister Lecter, and, most importantly, happy for herself. She had her family and her family had each other, and they wouldn’t need anything else now.

Except for maybe a dog. She wondered how easily Mister Lecter would cave and allow it, what with two pairs of beseeching blue eyes looking up at him.

Abigail smirked into her mug of cocoa mischievously.

Chapter End Notes

So uh....was weird to write smut after going so long not writing it rofl. I liked it though, I guess. I hope it wasn't *too* weird for everyone! One more chapter to go~

Epilogue

Chapter Summary

The Murder Family spend their first Christmas together~

Chapter Notes

Eeeeee =D Hope you all enjoy ♥

Merry Christmas! I LOVE YOU ALL!

Christmas morning came with enough snow to trap them inside for the day, which turned out to be just fine for each of them. Hannibal's house wasn't only much larger than their former apartment, it also had the benefit of possessing more fireplaces than Will had seen in his life, and as a result, the entire place took on a toasty atmosphere that he definitely found himself preferring. That didn't stop him from wearing one of Hannibal's robes and not much else, though, the fabric heavy and soft, and as he cinched the belt around his waist he smirked up at his boyfriend when the man walked out of the bathroom.

"Merry Christmas," Will purred, smoothing his hands along his sides and gazing at Hannibal from under sleep-mussed curls.

"And to you," Hannibal bared his sharp teeth in a grin as he spoke, striding further into the room.

Clad in only a towel and still damp, the older man resembled an alabaster statue, perfect curves and angles chiselled expertly by a god -or someone who knew exactly how to turn Will on, and his eyes dropped from his boyfriend's face and raked appreciatively over his body. Hannibal merely raised one pale brow in response before he flicked the towel off of his hips, letting it fall down his long, strong legs.

"Wow," Will clucked his tongue and looked back at his face with a mocking frown.

"My apologies," Hannibal's head tilted, and he looked down at his own body, taking in the snug black briefs that he wore. "I was merely thinking ahead. We can't dawdle too long in here when there are presents to be opened."

"It's five in the morning," Will grumbled, but his face brightened when Hannibal held his arms out expectantly, and he nearly stumbled over his own feet in his rush to launch himself

into his boyfriend's embrace.

"I have a few things to prepare before Abigail is awake," Hannibal murmured into his ear.

Will sighed happily as he buried his face into Hannibal's chest hair, the silvering strands still drying and tickling his cheek. The older man was so warm, and he smelled fantastic. Like home. Large hands came to rest at Will's sides, fingers pressing in at the robe's fabric, Hannibal considering his own words with difficulty now that the younger man was squirming in his arms. It would be so easy to slip the garment off of pale, soft shoulders, to lift his boyfriend and carry him back to the bed. Hannibal shook his head and breathed Will in before stepping back decidedly.

"Behave yourself," he chided Will, catching the hand that had been wandering south and extracting it gently. "Go take your shower, now. I shall get dressed and head down to start breakfast."

"Okay, fine," Will stuck his nose in the air and strolled around Hannibal and towards the bathroom, opening the door to a cloud of hot steam, and he glanced over his shoulder once, saying, "I'll remember this moment."

"Will you now?" Hannibal challenged good naturedly.

"Yep!" and Will tossed his hair and walked into the bathroom without further ado, the sound of his boyfriend's laughter following in his wake.

His face hurt from the permanent smile that seemed fixed to his features lately. It didn't even have to be Christmas and the morning would still feel different, magical even. Will disrobed and stepped under a hot spray of water and began to scrub himself clean with a pleased sound. It still felt felonious to use Hannibal's soap and shampoo, but he did so without complaint and secretly enjoyed the fact that he smelled like the other man afterwards. He finished quickly and stepped out to wrap himself in one of the massive fluffy white towels hanging nearby, and when he walked back into the bedroom he found black slacks and a navy blue long-sleeved shirt set out for him.

Will slipped them on without complaint and headed out of the bedroom, smirking at the garland still hanging from the samurai armor despite Hannibal's initial disapproval.

❀

"Hi, dad!" Abigail greeted as Will arrived in the kitchen. "Merry Christmas."

She was curled up in the leather chair by the doorway, still in her fuzzy pink pajamas. Will accepted the mug of coffee passed to him almost immediately, sugar already added and set away securely with a mildly judgemental expression cast his way from maroon eyes. Hannibal had grudgingly accepted his insatiable sweet tooth -to an extent, at least-, and Will took a sip of the rich coffee and smiled with satisfaction at the kick of sweetness. It could use another teaspoon or three, though.

“Merry Christmas,” Will said happily, and he accepted a hug from his daughter as she jumped to her feet to greet him properly.

They walked into the dining room together and sat at the table, giggling and joking together until breakfast was finished and served prettily on fancy gold-lined plates, with freshly-squeezed orange juice offered in a fat crystal pitcher. Father and daughter gorged on fluffy crepes and ripe strawberries, bantering childishly while Hannibal observed them both with a raised brow. He wasn’t necessarily unused to company at breakfast, but seeing Will in this environment, white teeth bared in a big smile and laughter ringing out with a toss of his curls, well… It was enough to still his heart. The sheer amount of love between father and daughter had at first intrigued him, made him jealous soon after, and then had settled as the three of them acquired a routine that had Will’s attention divided equally between him and Abigail. Hannibal took a sip of his orange juice as he considered his new family.

After breakfast they set up in the den around the massive pine tree Hannibal had brought home mere days before Christmas, huffing and complaining about the mess it made but helping them decorate with newly bought baubles and old handmade accoutrements. It turned into a rather fanciful ordeal once Hannibal got into it, and the end result came in the form of a tree heavy with garland and lights arranged in a perfectly complementary spiral, and Will found the man fidgeting with the decorations more than once to match the image he had in his mind. Truthfully Will thought he resembled a curious kitten batting at the boughs of the tree, though he kept that part to himself.

Hannibal began to divvy out the presents once they were comfortable. There were a handful more than Will remembered there being last night, and he squinted up at his boyfriend, suddenly realizing why the man had very nearly rushed him into the shower this morning. Maroon eyes danced humorously at him as Hannibal handed him another present. Abigail tore into hers without grace, attempting to salvage the wrapping paper at first for Hannibal’s sake but very quickly giving up in her excitement. Will watched her with tears at the corners of his eyes and a wobbling smile he hid behind his second mug of coffee, and a moment later he looked up at his boyfriend as the man sat next to him to set an arm around him. Christmas had never been about the presents for either of them in the past, but being able to see Abigail surrounded by a mountain of new things that he knew she would treasure made Will’s heart swell almost painfully.

“Thank you, dad,” she gushed. “Thank you, Hannibal.”

It had taken her quite a while to stop calling him Mister Lecter, and it was still new enough to give Hannibal pause. He returned the smile the young woman gave them both as she folded her new clothes and arranged the small pile of books he’d gifted her into a neat stack. Will opened his presents next with an embarrassed blush staining his cheeks that slowly disappeared as he pulled out a new black jacket from Hannibal and a massive box of chocolates from Abigail. He thanked them and wiped his eyes surreptitiously on his sleeve. For his part, Hannibal very gently unravelled the present signed by Will and Abigail, and within there sat a new cream-colored tie with a red floral pattern. He ran his fingers along the silk and thanked them both politely.

“A little difficult shopping for a man that has everything,” Will said with a laugh.

“It was my idea,” Abigail chirped proudly. “Dad picked out the design, though.”

“I shall treasure it dearly,” Hannibal professed to them.

Will volunteered himself for clean up, and as he gathered the wrapping paper into a garbage bag he used the opportunity to wipe at his eyes finally, thankfully no longer sniffling quite so bad as he reined his emotions in. It was the first Christmas that truly felt like it should, and even if his own happiness mattered less than Abigail’s and Hannibal’s to him personally, he was filled with so much of it that he hardly knew what to do other than try not to sob openly. He regained his composure in the kitchen after tossing out the bag, leaning on the island counter heavily.

“There you are,” Hannibal murmured softly, coaxing Will to look up with a sniffle. “Oh, Will. You poor thing.”

“Shut up,” Will snickered and strode over to his lover. “I must be allergic to something, that’s all.”

“Yes, I’m certain that must be it,” Hannibal teased quietly while he dabbed his sleeve at the tears lingering in long lashes. “Come here.”

Their lips met in a chaste and loving kiss, and Hannibal enfolded the smaller man into another embrace as they stood together in the kitchen. He glanced at his watch, disguising the action with a nuzzle against Will’s neck, and then pulled back to regard his boyfriend lovingly.

“Go back and wait for me with Abigail,” he said. “I have one last gift for you both.”

“Oh really?” Will smirked and tilted his head curiously up at him. “What kind of gift?”

“One that yet remains a surprise. Now get,” Hannibal swatted Will’s backside playfully and nudged him back towards the den.

Smirking, Will obeyed and returned to sit with his daughter, who curled up at his side and waited with him, having apparently been told the same thing as he. Moments later Hannibal returned with a sizeable box with large holes punched into the sides, an obnoxiously large golden bow situated on top and matching ribbon criss-crossing around it. Will narrowed his eyes in disbelief when it was set down gently on the floor before them and a single excited bark filled the air.

“You didn’t,” Will said loudly.

Abigail squealed in delight when Hannibal removed the cover of the box. Two tiny paws came into sight as a Cairn Terrier puppy yipped at them in greeting, nearly upending the box in its excitement when Abigail jumped off of the couch and crawled towards their new present. Will stared in shock at the adorable creature, whose entire body quivered with the force of its wagging tail, fuzzy ears perked happily and a matching gold bow tied around its neck. Hannibal stood back as Abigail cuddled the squirming dog and caught Will’s gaze across the room.

“Dad, do you want to hold him?” Abigail giggled and got to her feet unsteadily, trying to contain the bundle of joy in her arms.

“Of course,” Will shook his head and accepted the puppy, holding him under the arms and studying the adorable face that sniffed at him. “He’s perfect. Thank you, Hannibal.”

“You’re most welcome, my love,” Hannibal inclined his head and watched father and daughter coo and and laugh and make faces at the new addition to their family.

Hannibal was willing to sacrifice more of Will’s attention if it meant seeing him so happy he couldn’t seem to make the proper expression. It was endearing to observe just how shocked his boyfriend remained even while he stroked soft blond fur and giggled at the cold nose pressing into his neck curiously. Hannibal joined his small family on the couch, sitting on Will’s other side to hold him close against him, petting the puppy’s head once. He personally had no desire to own a dog and he never had, but he knew that this would solidify them all - and he didn’t doubt that Abigail and Will would dote on the tiny animal enough that it wouldn’t matter how much or less he personally did.

And Cairn Terriers didn’t shed quite so much as other dogs.

❀

“I didn’t expect that at all,” Will said later that night as they lay together, bundled up under blankets and sheets while the fire flickered before them.

“Then perhaps you will have mercy on me after all,” Hannibal smirked as he gazed lovingly at his boyfriend. “I understand you were quite displeased with me this morning.”

“Oh, that,” Will laughed and looked away with a blush. “Well, I guess I can let it slide. This time.”

Hannibal growled playfully and rolled on top of Will, pinning the slighter man down and burying his nose into soft curls and kissing a gentle path from forehead to nose to lips. Will purred into his mouth, cheeks pinkening even more as he gathered Hannibal close, and they lay together for a long time with their hearts racing, pressed chest to chest and breathing the each other’s air. They made love with the fire crackling and popping behind them, and Will drifted to sleep afterwards with an expression of bliss on his face. Holding the younger man against his chest, Hannibal Lecter stared into the flames, and he didn’t look away even as they died down. When all that remained were embers, he shut his eyes.

In the basement, Mister Sutcliffe spent his Christmas bound and gagged and sedated out of his mind.

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